

UNIT ONE

Act 1 Scene 1

(Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio)

ANTONIO

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me, you say it wearies you,
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALERIO

Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signors and rich burghers on the flood—
Or as it were the pageants of the sea—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOLANIO

(to Antonio) Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads,
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALERIO

I know Antonio

Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO

Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year.
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SOLANIO

Why then, you are in love.

ANTONIO

Fie, fie.

SOLANIO

Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry, and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad.
(Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Graziano)
Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Graziano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well.
We leave you now with better company.

SALERIO

I would have stayed till I had made you merry
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANTONIO

Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

SALERIO

Good morrow, my good lords.

UNIT TWO.

BASSANIO

Good signors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?

SALERIO

We'll make our leasures to attend on yours.
(Exeunt Salerio and Solanio)

LORENZO

My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASSANIO

I will not fail you.

GRAZIANO

You look not well, Signor Antonio.
You have too much respect upon the world.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANTONIO

I hold the world but as the world, Graziano—
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRAZIANO

Let me play the fool.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well a while.
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LORENZO

(to Antonio and Bassanio)

Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Graziano never lets me speak.

GRAZIANO

Well, keep me company but two years more
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO

Fare you well. I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRAZIANO
Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.
(*Exeunt Graziano and Lorenzo*)

UNIT THREE

ANTONIO
Yet is that anything now?

BASSANIO
Graziano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO
Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you today promised to tell me of.

BASSANIO
'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance,
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO
I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it,
And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

BASSANIO
In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO
You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am pressed unto it. Therefore speak.

BASSANIO
In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, to her seat of Belmont,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANTONIO
Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth—
Try what my credit can in Venice do
That shall be racked even to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.
(*Exeunt severally*)

UNIT 4

Act 1 Scene 2
(*Enter Portia with Nerissa, her waiting-woman*)

PORTIA
By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weary of this great world.

NERISSA
You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean. Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

PORTIA
Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NERISSA
They would be better if well followed.

PORTIA
If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NERISSA
Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any

of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA I pray thee overname them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

NERISSA First there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NERISSA Then is there the County Palatine.

PORTIA He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "An you will not have me, choose". He hears merry tales and smiles not. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

PORTIA God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NERISSA What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb show?

NERISSA How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

PORTIA Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NERISSA You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

PORTIA If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence.

NERISSA Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither?

PORTIA Yes, yes, it was Bassanio—as I think, so was he called.

NERISSA True, madam. He of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.
(Enter a Servingman)
How now, what news?

BALTHASAR The five strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave, and there is a forerunner come from a sixth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here tonight.

PORTIA If I could bid the sixth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other five farewell, I should be glad of his approach. If he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. *(To Balthasar)* Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, Another knocks at the door.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 5

Act 1 Scene 3

(Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew)

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats. Well.

BASSANIO Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK For three months. Well.

BASSANIO For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK Antonio shall become bound. Well.

BASSANIO May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK Ho, no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I understand moreover upon the Rialto he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men. There be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats. I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK I will be assured I may, and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
(Enter Antonio)
(To Antonio) What news on the Rialto?
(To Bassanio) Who is he comes here?

BASSANIO This is Signor Antonio.
(Bassanio and Antonio speak silently to one another)

SHYLOCK *(aside)* How like a fawning publican he looks. I hate him for he is a Christian; But more, for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift— Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe If I forgive him.

BASSANIO Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK I am debating of my present store, And by the near guess of my memory I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft—how many months Do you desire?
(To Antonio) Rest you fair, good signor. Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking nor by giving of excess, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend I'll break a custom.
(To Bassanio) Is he yet possessed How much ye would?

SHYLOCK Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO And for three months.

SHYLOCK I had forgot—three months.
(To Bassanio) You told me so.— Well then, your bond. Let me see; but hear you Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

ANTONIO I do never use it.

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats. 'Tis a good round sum. Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate.

ANTONIO Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

SHYLOCK Signor Antonio, many a time and oft In the Rialto you have rated me About my moneys and my usances. Still have I borne it with a patient shrug. For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to, then. You come to me, and you say "Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so, You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say "Hath a dog money? Is it possible A cur should lend three thousand ducats?" Or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With bated breath and whispering humbleness Say this: "Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last You spurned me such a day; another time You called me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

ANTONIO I am as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends; for when did friendship take A breed for barren metal for his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy, Who if he break, thou mayst with better face Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK Why, look you, how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shames that you have stained me with, Supply your present wants, and take no doit Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO This were kindness.

SHYLOCK This kindness will I show. Go with me to a notary, seal me there Your single bond, and, in a merry sport, If you repay me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum or sums as are Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO

Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO

You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!

(To Bassanio) Pray you tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beeves, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship.
If he will take it, so. If not, adieu,
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house—left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave—and presently
I'll be with you.

ANTONIO

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

(Exit Shylock)
The Hebrew will turn Christian

BASSANIO

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO

Come on. In this there can be no dismay.
My ships come home a month before the day.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 6

Act 2 Scene 1

(Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, a taxmy Moor all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train)

MOROCCO

(to Portia)
Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant. By my love I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA

In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes.
Besides, the lottry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his will to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet
For my affection.

MOROCCO

Even for that I thank you.
Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. But alas the while,
I play at dice, for the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

PORTIA

You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage. Therefore be advised.

MOROCCO

Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

PORTIA

First, forward to the temple. After dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOROCCO

Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursèd'st among men.
(Flourish of cornets. Exeunt)

UNIT 7

Act 2 Scene 2

(Enter Lancelot the clown)

LANCELOT

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me "Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No, take heed, honest Lancelot, do not run, scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. "Away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Lancelot"—being an honest man's son, "Lancelot, budge not" "Budge!" says the fiend conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the

very devil incarnation my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend. My heels are at your commandment. I will run.

(Enter Bassanio)

(to Bassanio) God bless your worship.

BASSANIO Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

LANCELOT Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew - In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know ...

BASSANIO What would you?

LANCELOT Serve you, sir.

BASSANIO I know thee well. Thou hast obtained thy suit. Shylock, thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LANCELOT The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO Take leave of thy old master and enquire My lodging out.

LANCELOT I shall have good fortune! I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.
(Exit)

UNIT 8

(Enter Graziano)

GRAZIANO Signor Bassanio!

BASSANIO Graziano!

GRAZIANO I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO You have obtained it.

GRAZIANO You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

BASSANIO Why then, you must. But hear thee, Graziano, Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice— Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

GRAZIANO Signor Bassanio, hear me. If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely— Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASSANIO Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRAZIANO Nay, but I bar tonight. You shall not gauge me By what we do tonight.

BASSANIO No, that were pity. I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well. I have some business.

GRAZIANO And I must to Lorenzo and the rest. But we will visit you at supper-time.
(Exeunt severally)

UNIT 9

Act 2 Scene 3

(Enter Jessica and Lancelot, the clown)

JESSICA I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so. Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well. There is a ducat for thee. And, Lancelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest. Give him this letter, do it secretly And so farewell. I would not have my father See me in talk with thee.

LANCELOT Adieu. Tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But adieu. These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit. Adieu.

JESSICA Farewell, good Lancelot.
(Exit Lancelot) Alack, what heinous sin is it in me To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian and thy loving wife.
(Exit)

UNIT 10

Act 2 Scene 4

(Enter Graziano, Lorenzo, Salerio, and Salanio)

LORENZO Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

GRAZIANO We have not made good preparation.

LORENZO

'Tis now but four o'clock. We have two hours
To furnish us.

(Enter Lancelot with a letter)

Friend Lancelot, what's the news?

LANCELOT *(presenting the letter)* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LORENZO *(taking the letter)*

I know the hand. In faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRAZIANO Love-news, in faith.

LANCELOT *(to Lorenzo)* By your leave, sir.

LORENZO Whither goest thou?

LANCELOT Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup tonight with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO Hold, here, take this. *(Giving money)*

Tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her. Speak it privately.

Go.

(Exit Lancelot)

My friends

SOLANIO Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?

Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

LORENZO Meet me and Graziano

At Graziano's lodging some hour hence.

SOLANIO

'Tis good we do so.

(Exit Solanio)

GRAZIANO

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake
And never dare misfortune cross her foot
Unless she do it under this excuse:
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me. Peruse this as thou goest.
(He gives Graziano the letter. Exeunt.)

UNIT 11

Act 2 Scene 5

(Enter Shylock the Jew and his man that was, Lancelot the clown)

SHYLOCK

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.

(Calling) What, Jessica!

(To Lancelot) Thou shalt not gormandize

As thou hast done with me.

(Calling) What, Jessica!

(To Lancelot) And sleep and snore and rend apparel out.

(Calling) Why, Jessica, I say!

LANCELOT *(calling)* Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LANCELOT Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

(Enter Jessica)

JESSICA *(to Shylock)* Call you? What is your will?

SHYLOCK

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love. They flatter me,
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags tonight.

LANCELOT I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect your reproach.

SHYLOCK

So do I his.

LANCELOT And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque ...

SHYLOCK

What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,
But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements.
Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth tonight.
But I will go.
(To Lancelot) Go you before me, sirrah.
Say I will come.

LANCELOT I will go before, sir.

(Aside to Jessica) Mistress, look out at window for all this.

There will come a Christian by

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

(Exit)

SHYLOCK *(to Jessica)*

What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

JESSICA

His words were "Farewell, mistress"

SHYLOCK

The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wildcat. Drones hive not with me

Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in.
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you. Shut doors after you.
Fast bind, fast find—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
(*Exit at one door*)

JESSICA

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost.
(*Exit at another door*)

UNIT 12

Act 2 Scene 6

(*Enter the masquers, Graziano, and Salerio, with torchbearers*)

GRAZIANO

This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

SOLANIO

His hour is almost past.

GRAZIANO

And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SOLANIO

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited.

GRAZIANO

That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
All things that are
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.
(*Enter Lorenzo, with a torch*)

SOLANIO

Here comes Lorenzo. More of this hereafter.

LORENZO

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode.
Not I but my affairs have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
I'll watch as long for you therein. Approach.
Here dwells my father Jew.
(*Calling*) Ho, who's within?
(*Enter Jessica above*)

JESSICA

Who are you? Tell me for more certainty.
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LORENZO

Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA

Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LORENZO

Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JESSICA

Here, catch this casket. It is worth the pains.

LORENZO

But come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA

I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
(*Exit above*)

GRAZIANO

Now, by my hood, a gentile, and no Jew.

LORENZO

Beshrew me but I love her heartily,
For she is wise, if I can judge of her
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true
And true she is, as she hath proved herself
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.
(*Enter Jessica below*)
What, art thou come? O, sweet friends, away.
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
(*Exit with Jessica, Solanio and Salerio*)
(*Enter Antonio*)

ANTONIO

Who's there?

GRAZIANO

Signor Antonio?

ANTONIO

Fie, fie, Graziano, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock. Our friends all stay for you.
No masque tonight. The wind is come about.
Bassanio presently will go aboard.
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRAZIANO

I am glad on 't. I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone tonight.
(*Exeunt*)

UNIT 13

Act 2 Scene 7

(*Flourish of coronets. Enter Portia with Morocco and both their trains*)

PORTIA

Noble prince, now make your choice.

MOROCCO

This first of gold, who this inscription bears:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second silver, which this promise carries:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

PORTIA

The one of them contains my picture, Prince.
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOROCCO

Some god direct my judgement! Let me see.
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give, for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages.
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
"As much as he deserves": pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
As much as I deserve—why, that's the lady!
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady! All the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought. It were too gross!
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Deliver me the key.
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may.
(*He is given a key*)

PORTIA

There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
(*Morocco opens the golden casket*)

MOROCCO

O hell! What have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.
"All that glisters is not gold
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been enscrolled.
Fare you well; your suit is cold."
Cold indeed, and labour lost.
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost.
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave. Thus losers part.
(*Flourish of cornets. Exit with his train*)

PORTIA

A gentle riddance. Turn the caskets, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.
(*The curtains are drawn. Exeunt*)

UNIT 14

Act 2 Scene 9

(*Enter Nerissa and Balthazaar*)

NERISSA

Quick, quick, I pray thee, turn the caskets straight.
The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

PORTIA

(*Balthazaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornets. Enter Aragon, his train.*)

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized.
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARAGON

I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to anyone
Which casket 'twas I chose. Next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage.
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

PORTIA

To these injunctions everyone doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARAGON

And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
(*He reads the leaden casket*)
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha, let me see.
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
"What many men desire"—that "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house.
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"—
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
(*He is given a key. He opens the silver casket*)

PORTIA

Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARAGON

What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
(*He reads the schedule*)
"The fire seven times tried this
Seven times tried that judgement is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadow kiss

*Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, 'twix,
Silvered o'er; and so was this,
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head.
So be gone, you are sped."*
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath
Patiently to bear my wrath.
(*Flourish of cornets. Exit with his train*)

PORTIA

Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! When they do choose
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NERISSA

The ancient saying is no heresy:
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

PORTIA

Come, turn the caskets, Nerissa.
(*Nerissa turns the caskets*)
(*Enter a Messenger*)

BALTHASAR

Where is my lady?

Here. What would my lord?

PORTIA

BALTHASAR

Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

PORTIA

No more, I pray thee, I am half-afear'd
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. (*Exit*)

NERISSA

Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!
(*Exeunt*)

UNIT 15

Act 3 Scene 1

(*Enter Solanio and Salerio*)

SOLANIO

Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALERIO

Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on
the narrow seas — if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SOLANIO

I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever made her neighbours believe
she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, the good Antonio, hath
lost a ship.

SALERIO

I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOLANIO

Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer—

UNIT 16

(*Enter Shylock*)

for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, Shylock, what news among the
merchants?

SHYLOCK

You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SOLANIO

And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledged, and then it is the complexion
of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK

She is damned for it.

SALERIO

That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHYLOCK

My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLANIO

Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years?

SHYLOCK

I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

SALERIO

There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory
bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether
Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK

There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his
head on the Rialto a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him
look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer: let him look to his bond. He was
wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy: let him look to his bond.

SALERIO

Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?

SHYLOCK

To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath
disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, mocked at my gains, scorned my
nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and
what's his reason?—I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food hurt with
the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed
and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not
bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you
wrong us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in
that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a
Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy
you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
(*Enter a Servant from Antonio*)

SERVANT

(*to Solanio and Salerio*) Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and
desires to speak with you both.

SALERIO

We have been up and down to seek him.
(*Enter Tubal*)

SOLANIO Here comes another of the tribe. A third cannot be matched unless the devil himself turn Jew.
(Exeunt Solanio and Salerio, with Antonio's Man)

SHYLOCK How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHYLOCK Why, there, there, there, there. A diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt. The curse never fell upon our nation till now—I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so. And I know not what's spent in the search. Why thou, loss upon loss: the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

TUBAL Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

SHYLOCK What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL Hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?

TUBAL I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHYLOCK I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! Ha, ha—heard in Genoa?

TUBAL Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

SHYLOCK Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? Fourscore ducats?

TUBAL There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHYLOCK I am very glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

TUBAL One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK Out upon her! Thou tortur'st me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUBAL But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer. Bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue. Go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.
(Exeunt severally)

INTERMISSION.

UNIT 17

Act 3 Scene 2

(Enter Bassanio, Portia, Nerissa, Graziano, and all their trains. The curtains are drawn aside revealing the three caskets)

PORTIA *(to Bassanio)*

I pray you tarry. Pause a day or two
 Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
 I lose your company. Therefore forbear a while.
 There's something tells me—but it is not love—
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself
 Hate counsels not in such a quality.
 But lest you should not understand me well—
 I would detain you here some month or two
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.
 So will I never be. So you may miss me.
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlooked me and divided me.
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
 Mine own, I would say, but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours. O, these naughty times
 Puts bars between the owners and their rights
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
 I speak too long, but tis to piece the time,
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length
 To stay you from election.

BASSANIO Let me choose,
 For as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASSANIO Promise me life and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA Well then, confess and live.

BASSANIO "Confess and love"
 Had been the very sum of my confession.
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA Away then. I am locked in one of them.
 If you do love me, you will find me out.
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
 Let music sound while he doth make his choice.
 Then if he lose he makes a swanlike end,
 Fading in music. That the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
 And wat'ry deathbed for him. He may win,
 And what is music then? Then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crown'd monarch. Such it is
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Go, Hercules.
Live thou, I live. With much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

BASSANIO

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? Look on beauty
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; in a word
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

PORTIA

(aside)
How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love, be moderate! Allay thy ecstasy.
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

BASSANIO

(Bassanio opens the leaden casket)
What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar breath. So sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. But her eyes—
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnished. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
*"You that choose not by the view
Chance as fair and choose as true.
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."*
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give and to receive,
As doubtful whether what I see be true
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

PORTIA

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me
Is sum of something which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord's. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO

Madam, you have bereft me of all words.
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

NERISSA

My lord and lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper
To cry "Good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!"

GRAZIANO

My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me.
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRAZIANO

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune

The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA

What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO

For me, three thousand ducats.

PORTIA

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer.
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
O, love! Dispatch all business, and be gone.

BASSANIO

Since I have your good leave to go away
I will make haste, but till I come again
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 19.

Act 3 Scene 3

(Enter Shylock the Jew, Solanio, Antonio, and the gaoler)

SHYLOCK

Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Gaoler, look to him.

ANTONIO

Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond. Speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou called'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

ANTONIO

I pray thee hear me speak.

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak.
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not.
I'll have no speaking. I will have my bond.
(Exit)

SOLANIO

It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

ANTONIO

Let him alone.
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life. His reason well I know:
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me.
Therefore he hates me.

SOLANIO

I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO

The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go.
These griefs and losses have so hated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
Tomorrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 20

Act 3 Scene 4

(Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar)

LORENZO

(to Portia)
Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

PORTIA

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now. Hear you of other things:
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LORENZO

Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

JESSICA
I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA
I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
(Exeunt Lorenzo and Jessica)
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
In speed to Padua. See thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get these gone. I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR
Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
(Exit)

UNIT 21

PORTIA
Come on, Nerissa. I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NERISSA
Shall they see us?

PORTIA
They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplish'd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two.

NERISSA
Shall we turn to men?

PORTIA
What a question's that
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate, and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles today.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 22

Act 3 Scene 5

(Enter Lancelot the clown, and Jessica)

LANCELOT
Yes, truly, for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children,
therefore I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak
my agitation of the matter, therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are
damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind
of bastard hope, neither.

JESSICA
And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LANCELOT
Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

JESSICA
I shall be saved by my husband. He hath made me a Christian.

LANCELOT
Truly, the more to blame he! We were Christians enough before, e'en as many as
could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs.
If we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for
money.
(Exit Lancelot. Enter Lorenzo, Jessica looks at him and then exits into the house)

UNIT 23.

Act 4 Scene 1

(Enter the Duke, the magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Graziano, and Salerio)

DUKE
What, is Antonio here?

Ready, so please your grace.

ANTONIO
I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO
I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course, but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE
Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALERIO
He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord.
(Enter Shylock)

DUKE
Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks—and I think so too—
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty,
And where thou now exacts the penalty—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK
I have possessed your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,

But say it is my humour. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat.
And others when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose
Cannot contain their urine; for affection
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
Why he a woollen bagpipe,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASSANIO
This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK
I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO
Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK
Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO
Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK
What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO
You think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO
(to Shylock) For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK
If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them. I would have my bond.

DUKE
How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHYLOCK
What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you
"Let them be free, marry them to your heirs.
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands." You will answer
"The slaves are ours." So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought. 'Tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement. Answer: shall I have it?

DUKE
Upon my power I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here today.

SALERIO
My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE
Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.
(Exit Salerio)

BASSANIO
Good cheer, Antonio. What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO
I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death. The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

UNIT 24

(Enter Salerio, with Nerissa apparelled as a judge's clerk)

DUKE
Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA
From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
(She gives a letter to the Duke.)

BASSANIO
(Shylock wets his knife on his shoe)
(to Shylock)

Why dost thou wet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK
To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRAZIANO
Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen. But no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK
No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRAZIANO
O, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused!
For thy desires are wolvish, bloody, starv'd,

SHYLOCK
Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA
Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

SHYLOCK
An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

PORTIA
Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.
(To Shylock) Be merciful.
Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK
When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge.
You know the law. Your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you, by the law
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

ANTONIO
Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

PORTIA
Why, then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

SHYLOCK
O noble judge, O excellent young man!

PORTIA
For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHYLOCK
'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

PORTIA
(to Antonio)
Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK
Ay, his breast.
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
"Nearest his heart"—those are the very words.

PORTIA
It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?

SHYLOCK
I have them ready.

PORTIA
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK
Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA
It is not so expressed, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK
I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.

PORTIA
(to Antonio)
You, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANTONIO
But little. I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom; it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty, from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife.
Tell her the process of Antonio's end.
Say how I loved you. Speak me fair in death,
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.

BASSANIO
Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself.
But life itself, my wife, and all the world
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA
Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

GRAZIANO
I have a wife who, I protest, I love.
I would she were in heaven so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA
'Tis well you offer it behind her back
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK
These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter.
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian.
We trifle time. I pray thee pursue sentence.

PORTIA
A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK
Most rightful judge!

PORTIA
And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK
Most learned judge! A sentence:

He presently become a Christian
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court of all he dies possessed
Unto his son, Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE

He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

PORTIA

Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

SHYLOCK

I am content.

PORTIA

(to Nerissa) Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHYLOCK

I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE

Get thee gone, but do it.

GRAZIANO

(to Shylock)
In christ'ning shalt thou have two godfathers.
Had I been judge thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
(Exit Shylock)

DUKE

(to Portia)
Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

PORTIA

I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE

I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
(Exit Duke and his train)

BASSANIO

(to Portia)
Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO

And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you evermore.

PORTIA

He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.
I wish you well.

BASSANIO

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray you:
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA

You press me far, and therefore I will yield,
And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand. I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO

This ring, good sir? Alas, it is a trifle.
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA

I will have nothing else, but only this
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO

There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation.
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

PORTIA

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

BASSANIO

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

PORTIA

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a madwoman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
(Exeunt Portia and Nerissa)

ANTONIO

My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO

Go, Graziano, run and overtake him.
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste.
(Exit Graziano)
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 26

Act 4 Scene 2

(Enter Portia and Nerissa, still disguised)

PORTIA

Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away tonight,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.
(Enter Graziano)

GRAZIANO

Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA That cannot be.

His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRAZIANO That will I do.

Sir, I would speak with you.
(Aside to Portia) I'll see if I can get my husband's ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA *(aside to Nerissa)*

Thou mayst, I warrant we shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men.
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste. Thou know'st where I will tarry.

(Exit at one door)

NERISSA *(to Graziano)*

Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
(Exeunt at another door)

UNIT 27

Act 5 Scene 1

(Enter Lorenzo and Jessica)

LORENZO

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise—in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

LORENZO In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO In such a night

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA

I would outnight you, did nobody come.
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.
(Enter Salerio, a messenger)

LORENZO

Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

SALERIO

A friend.

LORENZO A friend—what? Salerio!

What news?

SALERIO

I bring word that Portia
Our lady will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LORENZO *(to Jessica)*

Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter. Why should we go in?
My friend Salerio, signify, I pray you,
Within the house our mistress is at hand,
And bring some music forth into the air.
(Exit Salerio)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

JESSICA

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO

The reason is your spirits are attentive.
Do but note a wild and wanton herd
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
By the sweet power of music. Naught so full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

UNIT 28

(Enter Portia and Nerissa, as themselves)

LORENZO

Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they returned?

(Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Graziano, and their followers. Graziano and Nerissa speak silently to one another)

You are welcome home, my lord.

BASSANIO

I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

PORTIA

You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.

ANTONIO

No more than I am well acquitted of.

PORTIA

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

GRAZIANO

(to Nerissa)
By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong.
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

PORTIA

A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

GRAZIANO

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutters' poetry
Upon a knife—"Love me and leave me not".

NERISSA

What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk?—no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

GRAZIANO

He will an if he live to be a man.

NERISSA

Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRAZIANO

Now by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy that begged it as a fee.
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA

You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands.
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Graziano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief.
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO

(aside)
Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRAZIANO

(to Portia)
My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed
Deserved it, too, and then the boy his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine,
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

PORTIA

(to Bassanio) What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASSANIO

If I could add a lie unto a fault
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it. It is gone.

PORTIA

Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA

(to Graziano) Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

BASSANIO

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA

Nerissa teaches me what to believe.
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO

No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring. Pardon me, good lady,
Had you been there I think you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

PORTIA

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you.
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed.
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NERISSA

(to Graziano)
And I his clerk, therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRAZIANO

Well, do you so. Let not me take him then,
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANTONIO

I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

PORTIA

Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome notwithstanding.

BASSANIO

Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

PORTIA Mark you but that?
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,
 In each eye one. Swear by your double self,
 And there's an oath of credit.

BASSANIO Nay, but hear me.
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO *(to Portia)*
 I once did lend my body for his wealth
 Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
 Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

PORTIA Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANTONIO Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

PORTIA You are all amazed.
 Here is a letter. Read it at your leisure.
 It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
 There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
 Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here
 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 And even but now returned. I have not yet
 Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome,
 And I have better news in store for you
 Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon.
 There you shall find three of your argosies
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

ANTONIO I am dumb!

BASSANIO *(to Portia)*
 Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

ANTONIO *(to Portia)*
 Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,
 For here I read for certain that my ships
 Are safely come to road.

PORTIA How now, Lorenzo?
 My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

NERISSA Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
 There do I give to you and Jessica
 From the rich Jew a special deed of gift,
 After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

LORENZO Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
 Of starvèd people.

PORTIA It is almost morning,
 And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
 Of these events at full. Let us go in,
 And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
 And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRAZIANO Let it be so. The first inter'gatory
 That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is
 Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
 Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
 But were the day come, I should wish it dark
 Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
 Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
 So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

(Exit all save Jessica. Shylock enters - he looks at her, pleading. She hesitates, torn between her husband and her father and then runs weeping into the house, the lights fade to black on the solitary Shylock.)